
THE
LADY'S
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MARCH 1812.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. MACAULEY.

CATHERINE MACAULEY, whose maiden name was Sawbridge, was born at a village near Oxford, in the year 1733. Having lost her mother during her infancy, she was brought up under a governess, who appears to have been but ill calculated for so important a charge. The disposition of this celebrated woman differed from that of others even in her childhood. It is said that, at an early age, she preferred intellectual gratifications to those amusements which are generally pursued by youth; and as the books which were put into her hands by her teacher were little suited to the bent of her understanding, it was not until she was entrusted with the key of her father's library, that the mind of Miss Sawbridge began to develope itself. As she advanced in years, and became acquainted with the heroic deeds of Greece and Rome, governed by a natural enthusiasm, and animated with the political disputes of the day, she manifested an earnest desire to be enrolled as the champion of Liberty in the annals of her country, and stood forward, upon all occasions, as its most zealous supporter. About this time she published her history of England with remarks of her own writing. "A female historian," says Mrs. Hays, her biographer, "could not fail to excite the attention

of mankind: she seemed to have stepped out of the province of her sex: curiosity was sharpened, and malevolence provoked." In her 27th year she was united in wedlock to Dr. George Macauley, a physician of eminence. The sedentary life this lady led having greatly impaired her health, she took a journey into France, in 1777, for its recovery. There she formed an intimacy with the celebrated Dr. Franklin and Marmontel, both strenuous advocates in the cause of liberty, though with different results; for the latter, as may be seen by his memoirs, was doomed in the decline of life to suffer from its licentiousness, and to deplore its effects. During the six weeks that Mrs. Macauley remained at Paris, her apartments were crowded with Americans, who, averse to the English government, were anxious to shew their esteem for her republican principles; the consequence of which was, that rumours, injurious to her character, were very generally circulated, though with what foundation, we are not at this distance of time competent to judge.

The object of her journey being accomplished by the establishment of her health, and having greatly strengthened her political connections, she returned to England, where her husband died. After remaining some time a widow, she gave her hand to Mr. Graham, brother to the celebrated empiric of that name. This gentleman was originally bred to the practice of physic, but had relinquished that profession for the church; and having long expressed a wish to visit America, Mrs. Macauley, in the year 1785, carried her desire into execution, where, as might be expected, she was received with tokens of adoration.

Upon her return to her native country, she endured a succession of ill health, which gradually encreasing with her years, she expired at Binfield in Berkshire, the 22d of June 1791, in the 59th year of her age. The literary performances of Mrs. Macauley are "The History of England, before mentioned, from James the First to the Accession of the House of Brunswick;" "Remarks upon Mr. Hobbes' Rudiments of Government and Society;" "Thoughts on the Causes of the

Discontent of the Times ;" " A Treatise on the Immutability of Moral Truth ;" " Letters upon Education ;" " An Address to the People of England, Scotland and Ireland ;" " A Modest Plea for the Property of a Copy Right, and Observations on the Reflections of Mr. Burke upon the Revolution in France."

It is by no means extraordinary that a lady like Mrs. Macauley, fostered in opposition, and nurtured in popular frenzy, should imbibe the principles of what is called patriotism ; but that a clergyman of the established church (of which, notwithstanding the errors of some of its ministers, we are proud in acknowledging ourselves members) should erect her statue as the *Goddess of Liberty*, in that shrine where it is said, "Thou shalt have no other gods but me ;" is a circumstance that we cannot relate without regret, nor contemplate without emotions of surprise.

C.

ON RASH VOWS.

OF the folly and wickedness of making rash vows, and inconsiderate appeals to providence, Sir Gervas Elwaies, a lieutenant of the Tower in the reign of James the First, is a striking example. Convicted of being accessory to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, he was condemned to be hanged on Tower-hill ; and on arriving at the place of execution, he made the following remarkable declaration : " People should be extremely cautious how they make vows to heaven, for the breach of them seldom passes without judgment ; of the truth of which he was (he added) a most ruthless example : for being, when in the Low Countries, much addicted to gaming, he once made a solemn vow, which he afterwards violated, that if he played above a certain sum, he might be hanged."

REMARKS ON DRESS

DURING THE REIGN OF GEORGE I.

From the Rev. Mark Noble's continuation of Grainger.

WE do not perceive any great variation in this, from the last reign. It might, indeed, have been supposed that a new royal family would have brought *new* fashions with them, but there were reasons which prevented their introduction: George I. was advanced in years, and seldom mixed with his subjects; and the act which precluded the granting of honours to foreigners, prevented many German gentlemen from visiting England. The female sex, however, generally alter their modes of dress most; but as there was no queen in Great Britain, and as the ladies who accompanied his Majesty were neither by birth, propriety of conduct, age, or beauty, qualified to make any impression in point of fashions in this country, where they were very generally unpopular, their influence did not operate much towards effecting an alteration in female dress, or decorations of any kind. The peace cultivated secretly by George and the regent of France, caused a greater intercourse between the courts and kingdoms than had subsisted for many years. As usual, some little difference in the shape of the materials for clothing appeared, but so little as to be scarcely worth notice. Dr. John Harris, then, I believe, a prebendary of Canterbury, published, in 1715, his elaborate "Treatise upon the Modes, or a Farewell to French Kicks," 8vo. To this he prefixed the apposite motto, "*Est Modus in Rebus.*" This was well received; and it has been even hinted, that Bishop Gibson, then the disposer of mitres, was solicited to give his consent for rewarding the author with one for his labour; and accordingly, on the particular recommendation of John, duke of Argyle, the patriotic reprobater of French modes, was

made bishop of Landaff. The Right Rev. author, for such, we find, he became, dissuades his countrymen from applying to foreigners in matters of dress, because we have "a right, and power, and genius," to supply ourselves. The French tailors, he observed, invent new modes of dress, and dedicate them to great men, as authors do books; as was the case with the *roquelaure* cloak, which then displaced the surtout: and was called the *roquelaure* from being dedicated to the Duke of Roquelaure, whose title was spread, by this means, throughout France and Britain. The coat, says our author, was not the invention of France, but its present modifications and adjuncts were all entirely owing to them; as the pockets and pocket flaps, as well as the magnitude of the plaits, which differ from time to time in number, but always agree in the mystical efficacy of an *unequal* number.

The ladies still reduced their shapes, as if to represent some of those insects which seem to have the two ends held together only by a slender union. But the consequence of this tapering was deformity and ill-health. In vain did a Venus de Medicis prove, that there is a due proportion to be observed by nature. In vain was it allowed that, amongst unclothed Africans, a crooked woman was as great a rarity as a straight European lady. To Mademoiselle Pantine, a mistress of Marshal Saxe, the world was obliged for that stiffened pasteboard case, called a pantine, by which a universal compression ensued, to the destruction of the fine symmetry of the female form, as designed by nature. Spanish broad cloth, trimmed with gold lace, was still in use for ladies' dresses; and scarfs, greatly furbelowed, were worn from the duchess to the peasant, as were riding hoods on horseback; and the mask, which continued in use till the following reign, to shield the face from the summer's sun and the winter's wind.

THE RECRUITING PARTY.

A TALE.

ONE morning in the month of September 1799, a Recruiting Party, commanded by Captain Pemberton, entered the town of Shepton Mallet, in Somersetshire. The captain was young, handsome, and of a gay disposition, accustomed to make numerous conquests in every place where his regiment was quartered, and consequently not very scrupulous in point of keeping his faith with the credulous objects of his gallantry. After a cursory survey of the town, which seemed to promise little scope for his exploits in this way, and feeling himself rather fatigued by his recent march, he seated himself very contentedly in the parlour of the principal inn, and dispatched Ensign Foster with a few men, and the drums, to beat up for recruits. In about two hours the ensign returned, and upon Pemberton's enquiring what success he had met with, replied, "Very little, we have only enlisted one young man, and upon my honour, captain, it made my heart ache to admit him." "Why so?" asked Pemberton; "is he a volunteer?" "I can hardly say that he is," returned Foster; "for I fear that extreme distress has driven him to this measure." "That is his affair," observed Pemberton coolly; "but have you seen any pretty girls, Foster?" The ensign, instead of smiling as usual at this sally of the captain's, looked unusually grave: "I have indeed seen one," said he; "but it would be degrading her to call her merely pretty; she is the most lovely girl I ever beheld, and it is upon her account I so much pity William Beverly, our new recruit. Just as he had entered, she rushed out from a little neat cottage close by, and throwing her arms round him, while tears streamed from her lovely blue eyes, she entreated him not to persist in his dreadful determination. 'I must, I must, Eliza,' exclaimed the young man, 'it is useless for you to oppose my resolution: take this money to my dear mother; tell her I will write to her very

soon, and comfort her as well as you can : dearest girl, do not weep ; I shall do very well ; I shall be very happy.' 'Happy,' repeated the distressed girl with an affectionate but somewhat reproachful air, 'can you be happy, William, after leaving us in this manner?' He clasped her to his bosom in an agony of distress that almost affected me to tears. 'Eliza, dear Eliza, you must not afflict yourself in this manner,' he ejaculated in a voice scarcely audible ; 'we shall meet again ; fear not for me ; think only of my poor distressed mother.' The impatience of our men now obliged them to separate ; Eliza quitted him reluctantly, and returned to the cottage with a slow but disconsolate step, while William clasping his hands, invoked a blessing on her ; and then letting his head sink on his bosom, remained absorbed in thought until he was obliged to rouse himself to action at the sound of the drum."

"And how could you, Foster," asked the captain, with a sarcastic smile, "stand loitering by while these rustic lovers were exchanging embraces, and *adieux*?" The countenance of Foster glowed with momentary resentment, but checking the imprudent impulse, he contented himself with replying, "They were not rustics, sir, but even had they been such, the feelings of nature thus unguardedly expressed, would have equally entitled them to my consideration." "You were always a little romantic and troubled with these sentimental fits, I believe," said the captain, laughing ; "and as you have given a pretty pathetic description of Miss Eliza, pray favour me with a brief sketch of the interesting volunteer." "He is now passing before the window, sir," replied Foster, "and you may with very little trouble satisfy yourself." He then coolly quitted the room. Pemberton did exert himself to raise his head, and catch a glimpse of the young man as he passed, and was rather surprised at finding his expectations surpassed. William Beverly had indeed nothing of the rustic in his appearance : though scarcely nineteen, his height was five feet eight ; his deportment graceful, and his countenance displayed at once manly spirit, softened by youthful beauty.

"Hum !" thought Pemberton, "he is good-looking enough

to interest a simple cottage girl." Then surveying himself in the old fashioned glass which hung in the room, he muttered, "What a cursed bad mirror this is; it absolutely distorts one. I must have a peep at the girl, just to console her for the loss of her Corydon." Curious as the captain was to judge of the beauty which Foster had so highly extolled, he would have sallied forth immediately, had not his wishes been anticipated by the entrance of the landlady, who informed him that Eliza Beverly requested the favour of a few minutes conversation with him. "Let her come in," said Pemberton, endeavouring to conceal the joy he felt. The landlady courtesied, and withdrew. "Can she be his wife?" thought he. At that moment the door opened, and the lovely object of his thoughts stood before him, more lovely than his imagination had pictured, but blushing, trembling, and with tearful eyes. With instinctive politeness, Pemberton handed her a chair: she modestly declined accepting it, and raising her eyes to his face with an imploring look, said, "I have brought back the bounty money, sir, which your people gave this morning to a young man named William Beverly, and hope you will have the goodness to order his discharge." The captain was a little disconcerted, and instead of answering her immediately, took a scrutinizing survey of her person. She shrunk abashed from his keen glances: again she repeated her request. "Why really, my dear," replied the captain, "I cannot give you a positive answer; is he related to you?" "My brother, sir, my only brother, and the sole comfort of a sick unhappy mother." The tears trickled unrestrained down Eliza's cheeks as she made this reply. But Pemberton was too well pleased with the information it contained, to notice her emotion: at length he said hesitatingly; "I am very sorry the young man was so rash; I fear it will be difficult to procure his discharge; I cannot do it without the colonel's consent. However, I will try; depend upon it I will do my best to serve you, and William shall be treated with kindness. Go back to your mother, my dear; take the money; it may be of service to her; and as soon as I obtain an answer, you shall know the result."

Eliza, though a little disappointed, was satisfied with the gentle assurances of the captain, and returning to her mother, strove to soothe her, by assuring her that Captain Pemberton was a most amiable, feeling man, and had promised to exert himself in their behalf. "But, my dear child," said Mrs. Beverly, "the business does not require any exertion; the return of the money I should think sufficient; I shall never be happy if any evil befalls my dear William." "I dare say," returned Eliza gravely, "the captain is too much a man of honour to tell me an untruth; besides he promised faithfully that he would write to the colonel, and he took my hand so kindly when I was coming away, and looked so interested about our dear William, I am certain, indeed I am, he will be our friend."

"God send he may," said Mrs. Beverly, "but, my dear Eliza, you are a novice in the ways of the world: men too often assume an appearance of humanity and gentleness to cover the basest purposes: beware, my child, how you suffer yourself to be prepossessed in favour of any of the sex: all are not possessed of a heart like our William." Mrs. Beverly spoke from sad experience; but Eliza, at seventeen, had seen nothing of a deceitful world, and innocent herself, imagined all must be right within, if the exterior appeared fair.

On the return of William in the evening, he was received with caresses and tears: his mother related what had passed; and the youth encouraged their hopes by representing the kindness he had already received from Foster, which he attributed solely to the influence of his captain. "I own," said he, "it was a rash and desperate measure; but how could I, my dear mother, see the bed torn from under you by our unfeeling landlord? Would to heaven I had been brought up to some honest trade, and then I could have supported you and my dear Eliza in comfort, if not elegance." "I see," replied Mrs. Beverly, "the error into which my false pride and mistaken fondness have led me; but for my own part, William, I could be content to struggle with adversity, could I but see this dear child provided for. Under your protection she would

be safe, though poor. You have wrested from me this feeble solace; and should my death leave her destitute, I tremble for her fate." "If I obtain my discharge," returned William, "I will endeavour to do something for our support; and if even we should fail in this hope, I trust, through the favour of my officers, I shall soon get promoted, and then, my dear mother, I shall have enough to spare for you and Eliza."

William, although he thus endeavoured to encourage them, was not altogether so sanguine of success as he pretended: he knew that the money he had procured for them must be paid to discharge their rent, for which the landlord had already threatened to seize on their goods. The small pension which his mother enjoyed, as the widow of a navy lieutenant, would, he knew, cease at her death, and he passed many anxious hours in planning schemes for the future, without the smallest prospect of realizing any. He saw his mother oppressed with sickness, and struggling with want. Eliza, when their difficulties had begun to augment, found a temporary resource in her own exertions, and by undertaking needle-work, which she industriously applied herself to, earned sufficient to supply their immediate necessities. William at length, finding himself a helpless burthen, determined to undertake some office, however degrading, which might prevent the rapid approach of poverty, and release him from the painful feelings of self-reproach. In their better days he had received a genteel education, but he was now destitute of friends or interest, and without these he knew it would be impossible to obtain any advantageous situation. At length the alarming threats of their landlord precluded the possibility of hesitation, and no sooner did he hear the drum beating up for recruits, than his despair prompted him to sacrifice himself, to procure a temporary relief for objects so dear to him. So generous, yet contradictory, were the feelings of this young man, that when time gave room for reflection, he almost regretted the step he had taken, and even permitted himself to hope, that to the humanity of the captain he might owe his restoration to the arms of a tender mother and an affectionate sister. Far different,

however, were the intentions of Pemberton. The beautiful Eliza was an object too tempting to be easily relinquished by the libertine captain; and he well knew that by securing William she would be rendered defenceless, and consequently an easier prize. He therefore determined to deceive them all with an appearance of benevolence, and trifle with their hopes until the prey was within their grasp. He accordingly took an opportunity of calling at the cottage when he knew that William was not there. Eliza, expecting that he was come to announce her brother's discharge, received him with an animated smile, highly gratifying to the captain, who much as he had been fascinated by her charms at their first interview, thought her more captivating in smiles than in tears. Eliza was wholly indifferent to the strain of gallantry in which he addressed her; she timidly shrank from his ardent gaze, and no sooner understood that he had not obtained her brother's release, than she intimated that the dangerous state of her mother's health made it necessary for her to be constantly at her bedside. The captain took this hint not in the way that she intended, but in a manner more consistent with his own views. "I am extremely concerned," said he, "to hear that your mother is so ill: surely the fatigue of such unremitting attendance, must be too much for your delicate frame. Why do you not engage a nurse?" "It is no fatigue to me, sir," replied Eliza; "it is not in our power to hire any person; and if it were, I should not think of leaving my dear mother to the care of a stranger." "I admire your amiable piety," said Pemberton, "but still think such exertions must impair your health. I know a clever decent woman, one of the soldier's wives, who would make herself very useful; and I shall send her." "Oh, pray do not, sir," cried Eliza, earnestly; "indeed we cannot engage any person." "Let that rest with me," said the captain, "I will take care to satisfy her demands: indeed my sweet girl, I cannot bear to see you sacrifice your health. Your brother is an excellent young man, and I feel interested for you on his account." A word in praise of a brother so dear, was sufficient to win Eliza's

heart, and she yielded to the captain's persuasions with the most artless expressions of gratitude.

As soon as Pemberton departed, she hastened to her mother, eager to impart this trait of generosity to her: but, alas! Mrs. Beverly was not in a state to admit of such a communication; she appeared in great pain, and almost speechless. This unexpected shock for a moment overwhelmed Eliza. The entrance of William was not observed by the agonized girl, who was vainly endeavouring to administer relief to her suffering mother. William was accompanied by the woman whom the captain had promised to send. Having been accustomed to attend the sick, she soon knew what to do, and perceiving that Mrs. Beverly would probably live a few hours longer, she soothed the afflicted Eliza with delusive hopes, and entreated her to take some rest. William joined in persuading her; and being in reality quite exhausted, she at length complied. William took her place at his mother's bedside. "Is it you, my dear boy?" asked Mrs. Beverly; "I feared I should not see you again. I feel that my time is short, and I have much to say to you, if my strength would permit; these violent spasms exhaust me." William pressed her hand. "Dear mother, you must not exert yourself too much, make your mind easy; all will yet be well." Mrs. Beverly shook her head: she was silent some time, but seemed greatly agitated in her mind. "I have a secret to tell you, William, which has long oppressed me; but before I reveal it, promise, my love, that you will never neglect my poor Eliza." "Dear mother," cried William, "can you suppose me capable of it? you know how dearly I love my sister." "I know you do," replied Mrs. Beverly, "but when you learn that her birth brought disgrace and ruin upon your unhappy mother, those sentiments may change." "Never," exclaimed William, eagerly; "she is still your child; she is amiable, gentle, and affectionate: I must always love her." Mrs. Beverly appeared gratified by this assertion, and would have proceeded to impart the promised secret, but the entrance of Eliza prevented her; she however pointed to a bureau which stood in

the room, and by significant gestures, seemed to imply that she had committed it to paper.

A short period terminated her sufferings. The spasms returned with increasing violence; and in the middle of the night she expired. It would be a vain attempt to describe the distress of her afflicted children: locked in each others arms, they mingled their tears together; nor separated till the sound of the drum obliged William to tear himself away, in order to attend the morning parade. Ensign Foster, in passing the ranks, was struck with the dejected appearance of young Beverly: he accosted him tenderly, and having learnt the cause of his distress, reported it to the Captain, and obtained permission for him to absent himself that day. William, who had experienced repeated acts of kindness from this excellent young man, sought, by the most respectful attention, to evince his gratitude; and Foster, wholly exempt from pride, and possessed of a most benevolent disposition, interested himself in all his concerns, and cautioned him against the libertine designs of the Captain. William had taken an opportunity of inspecting the papers of his deceased mother, and from them gathered particulars which filled him with surprise and concern. She too had been the victim of a licentious passion. Left a widow at a very early age, beautiful and unprotected, she credulously listened to the addresses of a young nobleman, too well skilled in the arts of seduction; he deluded her with hopes which he never intended to realize; for unknown to Mrs. Beverly, he was a married man. Eliza was the offspring of this unhappy connection, and soon after her birth, the wretched mother discovered the secret which destroyed her peace for ever. She resolutely refused all further intercourse with the man who had so cruelly betrayed her, and retired almost broken hearted to the place of her nativity, where in the closest retirement, she devoted herself to the care of her children, and to sincere but unavailing remorse.

The struggles of her mind impaired her constitution; and finding herself unable to provide for her children, she wrote to

Lord Besborough, explaining her situation and necessities. Immersed in the dissipation of the gay world, he paid but little attention to her solicitations: a trifling pecuniary supply he indeed granted, but positively refused to make any settlement on the child; contenting himself with the idea that it would be in his power to provide for it at any time, should circumstances render it necessary.

(To be concluded in our next.)

WITTICISMS OF HENRY IV.

PERHAPS the death of no monarch was so much deplored throughout France as that of Henry IV. He was endowed with very extraordinary qualities both of body and mind, and never failed by a graceful demeanour and a happy mode of expressing himself, to attract the love and reverence of his subjects. His repartees are innumerable, and some of them truly excellent. One day he was accused by the Duke de Bouillon of having changed his religion; "No, cousin," said he, "I have changed no religion, but an opinion." The Cardinal de Perron being present at their discourse, the king enjoined him to undertake his vindication. As he was a long time about the work, Henry repeatedly asked him where his book was; when the Cardinal replied, "*That he was in want of some manuscripts from Rome before he could finish it.*"

It happened one day that the king took the Cardinal with him to inspect his workmen, who were employed on some new erections at the *Louvre*; and passing by one corner of the building which had been a long time begun, but was left unfinished, his majesty asked the mason why that corner, which had been so long in hand, was not completed. "Sir, it is because *I am in want of some choice materials.*" "No, no," said the king, looking at the cardinal; "*it is because you want manuscripts from Rome.*"

HISTORY OF AMELIA.

PASSING lately through the streets of a populous town, in one of the central counties of England, my attention was arrested by a distress object, who earnestly solicited charity, and whose intellects I afterwards found to be impaired. The polished symmetry of her shape, together with something indescribably interesting in her air, told she had seen better days, and once possessed very superior attractions. Having bestowed on her the scanty pittance her disturbed and restless imagination prompted her to demand, I departed loaded with her benedictions and incoherent promises of everlasting bliss, which she assured me I should share with her. Her melancholy and distressed appearance interested me greatly, and determined me to endeavour to procure further particulars respecting her unhappy fate. The succeeding tale is the result of my enquiries: her real name I shall beg leave to conceal under the fictitious one of Amelia.

She was born of humble but respectable parents, who inhabited a small neat cottage, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Loare. Gay as the matin lark, and innocent as the lamb that gambolled by her side, eighteen years passed amidst the enchanting variety of rural occupations, and rolled unheeded and happy over the head of the lovely Amelia. Each traveller suspended his step in mute admiration of her blushing charms, while like an airy nymph she glided by; and each honest rustic forgot the weary labours of his farm, as he hung in fixt attention on her sweet "woodnotes wild."

Gladly would the handsomest village swain have shared the fortune of the charming cottager, and happy had it been for her had she never been allured by the delusive glare of rank and wealth, from the peaceful and innocent pleasures of rustic life. Eighteen winters had sped away, and the nineteenth summer's sun beheld the beauties of Amelia every day ripening into greater perfection; when fortune, in an ill-fated hour, brought the gay, handsome, and gallant Captain Henry —,

together with his regiment into the neighbourhood. Riding one day up the valley in which Amelia's parents resided, he espied her drawing water from a spring. Struck with the elegance of her form, and the loveliness of her person, the enamoured officer, observing her enter the house, followed her; and gaining admittance on pretence of having lost his way, received directions as to the road, together with warm invitations to partake of the best their humble cottage afforded. The Captain, fatigued with his ride, and oppressed with the sultry heat of the day, accepted their invitations with joy. With an unblushing countenance he repeated his visits, and without the slightest remorse, formed plans for the seduction of his benefactor's daughter.

Well versed in all the specious but delusive arts of elegant licentiousness, and acquainted with the various movements of the female mind, the subtle soldier soon perceived his insinuating attentions were not received with indifference by the lovely Amelia. It is needless to detail the various means by which the unsuspecting girl was betrayed; suffice it to say, her virtue was not proof against his arts. The vile author of her ruin soon after rejoined his regiment, sent Amelia an insulting letter, in which he advised her to marry some ignorant rustic, who was unacquainted with her failings, and informed her, they must meet no more.

Unable to sustain this accumulated load of misery, the unfortunate victim sunk into a stupor, followed by a raging fever, which terminated in a total subversion of her mental powers. She now wanders about the streets, (neglected by her former acquaintance, and far from any of her relations, if any survive,) calling on her Henry, and looking forward to the grave as the only relief for her complicated distress; where (to use the language of the immortal Caledonian bard,) "may the turf lie lightly on her bones:" and whence, though her soul has been long beclouded with a thickening atmosphere of evil imaginations and gloomy presages, may she rise full of immortal vigour, and receive an abundant reward for her sorrows here, in an eternity of bliss.

R. S. R.

THE DUELLISTS.

From the Travels of HUMANIAS.

WHILE steadily pursuing his way, Humanias was one morning suddenly alarmed by the accents of grief from an adjoining wood. He instantly hastened to learn the cause, and presently discovering a group of persons, immediately approached them. On the ground lay a youth, from a wound, in whose heart, the blood copiously flowed. Kneeling over him, and supporting his head, was another youth, who with looks aghast, watched, in silence, every motion of the former; while two persons were busy in rendering assistance, too apparently unavailing. At their feet also, lay two weapons; one of which bespoke its fatal use. "Ah, my friend!" said the fallen youth, with scarcely strength to articulate; "forgive me! thy surviving sorrow will far exceed the pangs of a few moments. It was my own folly that brought me to this end: tell your sister I have proved myself unworthy of her love, in thus having sought her brother's life. Yet, bid her remember me with pity! and you; ah, I can say no more! the world fades from my sight! forgive me, my friend!" So saying, he drooped his head in eternal silence.

"Ah, wretched, yet beloved youth!" said the other, interrupted with sobs; "why didst thou force me to this fatal act? to-morrow would have made thee a brother: ah, what joys didst thou promise thyself on *to-morrow*! to-morrow, my sister will rise in bridal ornaments to accompany thee to the altar! but what a tale will she hear *to-morrow*! Fled are her hopes! and, instead of thee, unhappy youth! her bridegroom will be *Despair*. And I, ah! how shall I ever meet her look? the person of her brother will give to her abhorring sight the murderer of her lover."

"Alas!" said Humanias, deeply participating in his grief, "whence could originate this sad catastrophe?"

"From our infancy we were friends," answered he, "but an unguarded expression of mine, just now, in company, aroused his impetuous temper. He insisted upon my immediately asking his pardon before the parties, and, oh that I had! but restrained by *pride*, I refused. Inflamed with wine and anger, he struck me: I returned the blow: on which he insisted upon instant satisfaction; I obeyed, and there, alas! you behold the dreadful effects. There, alas! he lies, cut off while the sun yet shone upon his youth, at once from pleasure, happiness, and hope." His companions now taking him by the arm, urged the necessity of quitting the fatal spot; while he, careless whither they might conduct him, cast many a sorrowful look at the pale corpse of his friend. Humanias also, lamenting the melancholy effects of youthful indiscretion, quitted the place, and again pursued his journey.

ANECDOTE OF BERNARD GRAAT,

A FLEMISH PAINTER.

SUCH was the zeal of this painter to render himself eminent in his art, that as Erasmus was accustomed to go in the evenings to the market-place, to pick up the ends of candles which had been thrown away by the fishwomen, for the purpose of assisting himself in his studies during the night; Graat, in his youth, was known to go into the churches of an evening, at the end of the service, and to steal, as occasion offered, the remains of the wax lights, by which he used to pass the night in designing. This artist had but few scholars: he used to say to those who proposed any one to him, "Let your children learn a trade instead of an art, since they are not certain of becoming distinguished painters; and by learning a business, they will, at least, have the satisfaction of not being exposed to want."

THE BUSY BODY.

“ Away with your expensive follies, and you will not have much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families.”

DR. FRANKLIN.

IT is and ever has been, I believe, the prevailing custom of the day to complain of hard times and heavy taxes. That this complaint in some particular periods of time may have been founded in truth, I am by no means disposed to controvert : but I must confess, after a good deal of investigation on the subject, I am inclined to concur in the opinion of the judicious writer from whose works I have taken my motto, that the apparent badness of the times is principally to be attributed to our own follies and extravagance.

Never was there a louder outcry against the times, never was there greater murmuring at the dearness of every article, both necessary and superfluous, than at the present moment; but at the same time, never did greater luxury and extravagance prevail throughout the nation at large.

It may be said, considering the present situation of the country, engaged in an expensive war, and its commerce in no very flourishing condition, can the times be otherwise than bad? I would answer, these circumstances undoubtedly have considerable weight; but is it not reasonable to suppose that our ancestors had generally evils, in some shape, to contend with. If we look into history, we shall find our own times not worse upon an average, (and frequently better) than preceding ones. A frugal industrious ancestor, rising from his tomb, might address us in the words of Foote :—

————— “ How d’ye spend your days?
In pastimes, prodigality, and plays!”

“ Aye there’s the rub.” Unlike our prudent forefathers, we are unaccustomed to rise by times in the morning and ap-

ply with care and assiduity to our respective callings. We are not contented with a moderate profit; we speculate beyond our capitals, to make fortunes in a year or two, which formerly could hardly be acquired by a life of unremitting industry: the consequence is, if we fail (which is but too often the case) we are ourselves ruined, and generally involve many others in the same calamity with us.

Formerly, there were different ranks, and gradations in society; every man knew his situation. A person of small fortune, and in an inferior rank of life, did not (as now a-days, to his own manifest ruin) pretend to vie with his superiors in family and fortune, in his entertainments, in his dress, or manner of living. Such conduct must of necessity be of short duration. "No longer pipe, no longer dance," is a very true saying; and when our finances are destroyed, we must have recourse to all sorts of schemes and subterfuges to keep up appearances: then we complain of hard times and heavy taxes. It is impossible for any thing to be more inconsistent and ridiculous.

If the times are really worse than formerly, surely it cannot be prudent to live in a more luxurious and expensive style. What should we say of a man who having been thinly clad in summer, who should in the depth of winter go almost naked. We should certainly think him either a madman or a fool.

In short, if we could banish Luxury and Pleasure, and substitute Economy and Industry in their room; I am much mistaken if even the hardness of the present times would not become comparatively easy, and the burden of taxes be, at least, a great deal more tolerable.

THE DUTY OF A PARENT TO HIS CHILDREN.

THE best gift a parent can give to his children is good counsel, and the best counsel he can give, is that which relates to their greatest import and concernment; viz. RELIGION.

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE AND MANNERS.

From the French of Count OXENSTIERN.

ON FIDELITY.

THE fidelity of a friend is the surety of our secrets. It is a precious stone without a spot, and of such value as to be purchased only by an equivalent. Happy is he who finds it with his friend, for in confiding to him his most secret thoughts, he relieves himself, and being persuaded of his fidelity, rests securely in the repository he has made. Diodorus Siculus says, that among the Egyptians it was a crime to reveal a secret; and mentions, as a proof of his assertion, that one of their priests was banished for having revealed a secret that was communicated to him. Nothing appears to me more just than that a secret entrusted to a friend, and under the seal of good faith and silence, should be considered as sacred between him and me, and that it is a profanation to divulge it under any pretence whatever.

Plutarch remarks that the Athenians, when at war with Philip of Macedon, having one day intercepted some letters which he had written to Olympia, his wife, returned them to him unopened, that they might not be obliged to read them publicly, saying, "That their laws forbade them to betray a secret."

Indeed it seems, that the infidelity of a friend is repugnant to nature itself; and that to betray the secret of him who confides in us, is an action which renders him who commits it detestable. A man who entrusts his secrets to another, is like a man who gives up his arms, and declares himself a slave; but what greater infamy can he, to whom he yields himself, be guilty of, than to use the arms which have been put into his hands, to assassinate him who has given them up. Fidelity is therefore the greatest treasure that can be found, and a secret entrusted, is the last token of unfeigned friendship.

ON MUSIC.

OF all the pleasures of this world, Music is certainly the sweetest; for harmony not only charms the ear, but has an influence even over the mind itself. Saul, in the fits with which he was agitated, found, it is well known, a ready, and efficacious remedy, in the sounds which David produced from his harp. We also read, that under the reign of Eric, King of Denmark, an able musician appeared at his court, who pretended that by the sounds of his instrument, he could inspire him with whatever passion he pleased. This prince wished to try the experiment, and ordered him to play an air that should inspire rage. The musician obeyed, after having requested the king to lay by his sword. But this prince had scarcely began to pay attention to his music, when he was excited to such a pitch of fury, that quitting the room, he fell upon one of his guards, and snatching his sword from him, wounded several persons, and would have killed the performer himself, if, by a very visible movement of the king's, he had not foreseen the effect of his music. Whether this was caused by any power of magic, I know not; but it is very certain, that when we hear a fine piece of vocal music, with a delicate accompaniment, we feel transported with certain emotions, which do not a little resemble the passion which the music endeavours to express. In short, music is the only one of all our pleasures which we have presumed to place in heaven. It holds a conspicuous rank in the pompous descriptions which are given of the joys of another world, which would be thought imperfect without the concerts which the angels and the elect are to perform in chaunting the praises of the Almighty.

ON SUDDEN DEATH.

CÆSAR being one day asked, what death he thought the easiest? replied, "the most sudden and unforeseen." Cer-

tainly if death were to have nothing to follow it, this opinion would be a just one; but as our usual negligence in every thing that can contribute to our salvation is extreme, and a man is seldom in a perfect state to appear before his Maker with a conscience void of reproach, it is a matter of extreme danger to be taken by surprise by a sudden death. It is astonishing to see us reflect so little on the uncertainty of life, and on the frequent examples we see of premature and unexpected dissolution. Appius was choaked by eating a fresh egg; Laurent Valle died drinking a goblet of mead; young Henry of Castile was killed by a tile which fell on his head while he was playing at ball; Baldi, the famous lawyer, died by the bite of his little dog; the Emperor Lucius, and King Demetrius, were killed by horses; the father of Cæsar was killed while putting on his buskins; Frederick, the father of the Emperor Maximilian, died by eating a melon too eagerly; Dionysius, King of Sicily, died of joy; John Basilowitz, Czar of Muscovy, was prevented by death from finishing a game of chess; and Margutus died of a fit of laughter, at seeing his monkey putting on his boots. These incidents should convince us of our weakness, and that the least trifle may deprive us of life; and at the same time remind us, our greatest care in this world should be, that of putting ourselves in such a state as we may quit it without fear, when ever it may please God to call us.

ON HONOUR.

HONOUR resembles the eye; it cannot suffer the smallest impurity, without being entirely affected. It is a precious stone; the least defect in which diminishes its value. It is a treasure, which if once unfortunately lost, can never be regained. Honour is to this life, what salvation is to the next. The latter can only be acquired by taking great pains, and the former can only be preserved by the greatest delicacy. The wise man preserves it as a resource in the misfortunes which may be-

fal him; whereas the foolish man pledges it at every moment for nothing. A body without a soul is a carcase, and a man without honour is a dead body, from which every one turns with disgust.

Honour is in itself so entire, that it can bear no diminution in any of its parts, without totally disappearing. We therefore cannot see a man dishonourable by halves. Honour and life, placed in a balance, are found to be of equal weight: but as soon as honour is taken from the one scale, the other kicks the beam.

L'Honneur est comme une isle escarpée, et sans bords,
On n'y peut plus entrér des qu'on en est dehors.

DRAMATIC ANECDOTE.

SOME students of an University in Spain having agreed to perform the tragedy of "Pedro the Cruel," the actors were to be tried privately, that in case of inability they might be changed. Two scholars, in particular, undertook to play the parts of two ghosts, and at the rehearsals performed so well as to meet with the approbation of the judges. But on the night of exhibition, when they dressed and painted agreeably to their characters, and entered meeting one another, they were so amazed at the ghastly appearance of each other, that they were unable to advance a step, or speak one word, and stood for some time quaking and trembling 'till they excited the audience to laughter, instead of raising the contrary passion; and at last were obliged to retreat, by which means the effect of the performance was entirely destroyed.

ELLEN;

OR,

THE PARSONAGE.

(Continued from page 43.)

TO CHARLES D——, ESQ.

M—— Park.

'TIS true, Charles, here I am, on a permanent visit to the Parsonage, quite domesticated. "Aye," say you, "but

"What colour for this visitation"

have you?" My house, Charles, is built in a manner that belongs neither to one style nor another; 'tis neither gothic, modern, pleasant, handsome, nor convenient; so I have begun to have it pulled down, and intend to rebuild it on an elegant plan.

I imparted my design to Mr. Conway, who immediately offered me, with his usual kindness, a home at the parsonage, till it is finished: think you I refused? no, i'faith! if the house had been an epitome of elegance, I should have destroyed it, with the utmost satisfaction, to gain an opportunity of knowing, and seeing more of his lovely niece.—So, Charles, as I said before, here I am, domesticated.

You tell me, you can but laugh at the word "conversation," when I mention it; and ask me, what in the name of common sense, we, who live so far from the great emporium of arts, novelty, &c. can find for a basis whereon to build it. My dear fellow, you know not the people of whom you write; you know not Ellen Morland; you know not Mr. Conway; else would your question never have been asked. You, who have never as yet met with any thing worthy of your notice in a female's conversation, cannot be sensible of the charms that exist in the society of a woman of genius and accomplishments. It is the

purest delight the heart and understanding can enjoy: her manners fascinate; her information astonishes; her genius keeps your admiration and talents alive; her warmth kindles reciprocal warmth in one's own heart, and all is Elysium. As for subjects, indeed I may say of Ellen, when the genius of mirth presides,—

“ Her eye begets occasion for her wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which her fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at her tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is her discourse.”

But when “ nods and becks, and wreathed smiles” are banished by the heavenly touch of sensibility, (and that is often, for the distress of a worm can arouse it,) oh, Charles! then—then, by heaven! description must fall short of her, when every word reaches the heart, aided by such a look, and such a tear, and a voice! help me Ossian, or I fail. “ A voice like the harp when the distant sound comes in the evening, on the soft rustling breeze of the vale.”

You remember the morning's walk in my last, and the presumptive assent I took to my request, to participate in the delights arising from such rambles.

This morning shining fair as the one on which the request was made, I arose, and hastened to the library, when as yet I had been first every morning; but to my surprise I found Ellen there before me. Her pretty straw hat, &c. were on, and she had taken up a book, as if she had waited for me. What pleasure the idea gave me! I looked at my watch, and found I was an hour later, very near, than our usual time. She rallied me on my laziness, and, though her tongue did not give it words, I thought her eyes said

“ Lovers break no hours,
Unless it be to come before their time.”

"I'faith," said I, "I lay more of the blame on Morpheus, than Somnus; for had he not spread his pleasing visions around my pillow, I should have quitted the arms of the drowsy god long since; but," continued I, "my dreams were like the waking visions of some men; for whilst I was delighted by unsubstantial happiness, I was withheld from the reality."

She smiled, twined her arm within mine, and saying, "*allons, mon ami,*" we were presently in the midst of laughing nature, chatting with all the gaiety the hour and the fineness of the morning inspired. We attained the summit of a hill, which commands a view of one of the richest spots I ever beheld; we stopped, and continued gazing on, in mute admiration, the scene for several seconds, until my enthusiastic companion, interrupting our silence, exclaimed, "Good heaven, what a scene! what a prospect! I have," added she, turning towards me, "often heard people praise views, which to me appeared common and uninteresting; the only cause for the eulogies bestowed on them being the great distance the eye was able to range over a tract of country, unenlivened by scenery, unenriched by variety, by wood, by water, or objects; I like not such views, they are like a life spent in a dull routine of common-place tediousness, wherein no moment of rapture, no moment of exquisite feeling has, with seraph wings, hastened the flight of time; a life, which, by its dearth of emotion and sensibility, has been lengthened to almost antideluvian duration. I neither covet such a life, nor such views; let my life be like this lovely prospect before us; every thing is joyous, harmonious, and fascinating. But you, moralizer, I know will say, the more lovely this scene now appears, the more dreary will it seem, when the cruel blasts of winter shall have deprived it of its bloom; and that the moments of life I choose, which shall fall under the pangs of sorrow, will be a thousand times more replete with pain, than the grief-devoted hours of common-place existence—*n'importe*, I adore extremes. What pencil! what painter! could do justice to this prospect?"

"No one, by heaven!" interrupted I, "unless he were guided by the same power which instructed the hand of the maid of

Corinth." My interruption sprang from my heart, and burst involuntarily from my tongue; for God knows, the only prospect that met my eyes, from the moment she opened her lips to speak, was the animated, angelic countenance of Ellen.

She started, but perceiving to what focus my enraptured eyes were directed, a blush flitted across her face, and---and such a glance stole from her speaking eyes.---I am, I must be, I am sure I am beloved, Charles.

But her vivacity appeared to desert her; she scarcely spoke the remainder of the walk, and chose a nearer road to the Parsonage, than the one we came out by.

'Tis impossible I can be mistaken in the fond idea my heart exults in, "that I am beloved by her." Her manner when she addresses me; the rosy blush which tints her cheek at my approach; the similarity of our ideas, of our tastes, of our dispositions, all say it is so: and in short, as, like Orlando, "I can live no longer by thinking;" I must shortly make my proposals in form.

Oh, Charles! Charles! how my heart throbs in my bosom; what visions of bliss rise before my enchanted imagination! when hope's benignant eye, and kind finger, point to the days of happiness I may pass with this being; when "not a moment of our life shall stretch without some pleasure."

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy.

Farewell, Charles.

HENRY M-----.

THE GOSSIPER.

NO. IX.

“ A pun is a conceit, arising from two words which agree in sound.”

ADDISON.

MR. GOSSIPER,

I AM a plain spoken man, and although I may be seen regularly every morning at my ledger, before 'Change, attending, in a proper manner, to the main chance, I am not averse to a joke; and at the club, to which I belong, my pretensions to humour are very readily acknowledged. 'Tis true, I am a punster; and notwithstanding some people hold this species of wit in sovereign contempt, I am still of opinion, that it requires no little portion of attic salt in our compositions to make a good pun. My daughter jingles her discordant music twenty times a day, before she is capable of entertaining her company with a sonata in *her* style of excellence. Why then, by parity of reasoning, Mr. Gossipper, may I not, in like manner, be permitted to play off my practical essays? My clerks all allow that I am a funny man, though my son had the impertinence to tell me that “ I should not have taken in young Hopeful for a partner, had he not insinuated himself into my good graces by laughing at my conceits.” I have frequently, I confess, had a calf's head at dinner, a dish I dislike, for the pleasure of a quibble in carving the tongue and brains; when my wife, to do her justice, is ever ready to please me, by asking for the former, in order to afford me an opportunity of saying, “ Surely, my dear, you cannot desire any more tongue.” This repartee, you will perhaps intimate, is not original; that I grant; but now that I am upon the subject, I will give you one that was considered a piece of my own ingenuity. We were last week at a christening, when I was determined to be

the life of the company. The dinner was served up, but my ideas appeared conglomerated; it was not one of my happy days, and I remained silent. At length it was whispered that I was out of spirits, which nettled me a good deal. I longed to contradict the assertion, but could not effect it, though my wife frequently fished for a retort. Some supposed that the price of hides had fallen; others that Omnium was much depressed; but, *entre nous*, Mr. Gossipper, I was sily lying in ambush, seeking for an occasion to astonish them, which soon presented itself. On the appearance of the second course, happening to cast my eyes on a dish of yellow pease, to the amazement of the party I exclaimed, "These pease should be sent to Hammersmith!" Deputy Griskin, chuckling at the thought, and anticipating some cunning remark, asked the reason why? "Because," I replied, "that is the way to *Turnham Green*." At this the company burst into a fit of laughter, and were so much pleased with this unexpected sally, that the very room resounded with applause. When the volunteer corps, to which I belonged, lost their *queues*, I said we were *curtailed*; and when my relation in the London Militia moves his quarters, (being a married man) I never fail to ask him, if he takes his *baggage* with him. In short, Mr. Gossipper, I could detail to you a vast number of things equally good, were it not that I am about to publish a jest book, which such a communication would anticipate. Still, though I consider myself upon the whole a happy man in getting my jokes laughed at, I have at times the mortification of seeing them wholly disregarded. There are a set of wretches, who will never smile at a good jest, without it is their own. One of my particular friends is of so sullen a disposition, that he will read every pun in the Morning Post without a smile. Is it to be expected, then, that he will laugh at my witticisms? No, Sir, the best of them he receives with a "Pish;" and upon occasions, when I conceive myself peculiarly happy, and expect a broad laugh, he stares me full in the face, and with a stern countenance utters, "Well, and what then: oh, is that all?" or, while my jaws are involuntarily distended to join him

in a hearty roar, he closes them as in a vice, by saying, "That is a good thing, but I have heard it before;" or, to confound me still more effectually, exclaims, with a sneer, "Joe Miller, page 10."

It is often a source of no less discomfiture to me, to find that my effusions are but little relished at my own table. My daughter cuts me short by asking how I can be so indelicate, and my wife, with more authority than eloquence, tells me to eat my pudding, and hold my tongue; or, with her usual sagacity, remarks, that "Great wits will offend their best friends." Although not very familiar with the Latin tongue, I occasionally am tempted to say a smart thing in that way. I cannot resist giving you one instance. I met a friend of mine near Finsbury Square, who accosted me with "A windy morning, neighbour T——." "Yes," I returned, "*tempus fugit*." He smiled at the conceit, and I laughed heartily; but upon a review of his features, I could not help thinking that he appeared to laugh more at *me* than at my joke.

But the greatest damper I have is my son Bob. Bob is a good boy; but, strange to tell, he has sometimes the effrontery to say that I often make a fool of myself. This conduct, Mr. Gossipper, you must admit is neither polite nor filial; but, in other respects, I can find no fault with him. He is always in the shop by nine; dines with us at three; and seldom goes any where in the evening, except to half an entertainment at Astley's, the London Forum, or to the Surry Institution.

But Bob's contempt of my talents arises, I am persuaded, from envy: he is himself *a chip of the old block*, and wants to be "*cock of the walk*." His humour, however, is of a different species to mine. For a long time he called our shop-boy, "a tiny rural," talked of a "lilly shallow," and an "upper Benjamin," meaning, by the former expression, some plant, as I supposed, that he had met with at the Institution, and by the latter, an upper butler in a gentleman's family; when a visit to the pit of the Lyceum, let us into all his secrets. But Bob's ideas are now beyond our conception; we can no longer understand him; he is as incomprehensible (to use a favourite

metaphor of mine) as an explanatory note, and more difficult to understand than a solution in Johnson's dictionary. I have bought Tim Bobbin, the Slang Directory, and even Grose, to no purpose; he overpowers us with his learning, and laughs at our ignorance. If a friend tells us a story which Bob thinks improbable, he calls it, "*coming it pretty stiffish.*" When I am about to take my Sunday walk, he claps me on the back, and asks me what "*I'm up to?*" When he is to dine with a friend, he says he has got a "*brass knocker;*" or, "*Tom so and so gives a feed.*" If he invites me to Ross's to take a lobster and some spruce, he asks me if "*I'll have a blow out.*" When my barber left his shop in the night, Bob said, "*Razor his mizzald.*" In short, be the circumstance droll or serious, his language is no less figurative than uncommon. 'Twas only last week, when my poor daughter Becky was thrown out of her chaise and nearly killed, he said that, "her husband had *spilt* her;" and when my nephew Jack, a youth of great promise, had the misfortune to lose his eye-sight by a fall from his horse, Bob waggishly exclaimed, that "he had *put out his peepers.*"

But my principal object in writing to you, Mr. Gossipper, is to inform him, that if he will commend my jokes, I will laugh at his. At the same time, I must observe, that if he wishes to be understood, he must let me know when to applaud, or furnish me with a proper glossary. I can say no more at present, as we are all going to Peckham in a hackney coach, and Bob tells me that Jarvy has slipped *the jingler*; or, in other words, I guess that the coachman has let down the steps.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

TIMOTHY TARBARREL.

THE VALUE OF WHISKERS.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

BEING possessed of some personal attractions, and having the prospect of a good fortune upon the death of my uncle, it is not surprising that I should have many admirers. There is scarcely a youth of any pretensions to rank in my immediate neighbourhood, who has not paid his addresses to me: but amidst the variety of my assailants, I have not as yet been accosted by any one for whom I entertain any particular predilection. My most ardent suitor is the son of a great ship-owner, who is very rich, and associates with some fashionable people at the west end of the town. The consequence is, that he not only imitates the dress and manners of persons of that description, but, I am afraid, suffers the laxity of their morals to operate on the qualities of his mind. In his professions of admiration and regard, he is extravagant to a degree; and in testimony of the sincerity of his passion, has pledged every thing that is *dear* to him, his heart, his honour, nay, his very soul. Still am I indisposed to place full confidence in his asseverations, because I think he does not state, as the test of his fidelity, the thing he most esteems. You must know, Mr. Editor, that my enamoured spark, after the example of his brother, who is a lieutenant in the army, prides himself upon having the finest pair of *whiskers* of any beau in the city; and so highly, as I am informed, does he appreciate these external ornaments, that he has been heard to say, with all the gravity of a Spaniard, he would as soon lose his life as be deprived of them. It therefore occurs to me, that his honour, and his soul, upon which he has so often vowed to me eternal truth, are but secondary considerations compared with his *whiskers*. Now, in the course of my studies, a few days ago, having read that "Don Juan de

Castro, a Portuguese viceroy in India, being in great want of money, and desirous of borrowing a large sum in that country, pawned *one* of his *whiskers* as the most sacred pledge he could think of; which he afterwards honourably redeemed;" I am desirous of informing my lover, through the medium of your miscellany, with your permission, that if he will send me, in like manner, one of his whiskers, as a pledge of the fervency of his affection, it will induce me to have a very high opinion of his sincerity, and tend more to the furtherance of his suit than any protestations he may make.

I am, sir, your constant reader,

ELIZA.

ON THE COFFEE TREE.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

GRATIFIED by your ready insertion of my remarks on the Coffee Tree, I hasten to show by what means this valuable tree was first introduced into Europe, and from thence into America.

The first account of this tree being brought into Europe we have from Boerhaave, in his index to the Leyden Gazette. Nicholas Witsen, (it is related) Burgo-master of Amsterdam, and Governor of the East India company, by his letters often advised and desired Van Hoorn, Governor of Batavia, to procure from Mocha, in Arabia Felix, some berries of the Coffee Tree to be sown in Batavia; which he having accordingly done, and, by that means, about the year 1690, raised many plants from seeds, he sent one over to Governor Witsen, who immediately presented it to the garden at Amsterdam, of which he was the founder and supporter. It then bore a fruit, which in a short

time produced many young plants from the seeds. Boerhaave therefore concludes that the merit of introducing this rare tree into Europe is due to the care and liberality of Witsen alone.

In the year 1714, the magistrates of Amsterdam, in order to pay a particular compliment to Louis XIV. King of France, presented to him an elegant plant of this rare tree, carefully and judiciously packed up to go by water, and defended from the weather by a curious machine, covered with glass. The plant was about five feet high, and an inch in diameter in the stem, and was in full foliage, with both green and ripe fruit. It was viewed in the river with great attention and curiosity, by several members of the academy of Seures, and afterwards conducted to the royal gardens at Marly, under the care of Monsieur de Jussieu, the king's professor of botany.

In 1718, the Dutch colony in Surinam began first to plant coffee; and in 1722, Monsieur de la Motte Aignon, Governor of Cayenne, having business at Surinam, contrived, by an artifice, to bring away a plant from thence, which, in the year 1725, had produced many thousands.

In 1727, the French, perceiving that the acquisition might be of great advantage in their other colonies, conveyed to Martinique some of the plants; from whence it most probably spread to the neighbouring islands: for in the year 1732 it was cultivated in Jamaica, and an act passed to encourage its growth in that island.—Thus was laid the foundation of a most extensive and beneficial trade to the European settlements in the West Indies.

Having thus briefly given the history of the introduction and progress of coffee, I shall conclude my observations by noticing the peculiar properties of this wholesome plant, which constitutes so considerable a part of public entertainment, if not of sustenance.

"It is a question often proposed to physicians," says the late ingenious Dr. Fothergill, "which is best, tea or coffee? The solution of this point," he adds, "would perhaps be a difficult one. We neither find the Chinese or Turks subjected to any

such discriminating effects as enable the faculty to say, with precision, that one is more injurious than the other. To some people, coffee is disagreeable; they charge it with producing nervous complaints: tea is not without similar accusations. The animal powers are, however, apparently, such as can convert almost opposite principles to its benefit, if used in any moderation. Some drink coffee almost to excess, and condemn tea as injurious, and so coffee is treated in its turn. Custom has adopted them both, and it becomes us to make them as useful to ourselves, and as subservient to public good, as may be in our power.

“Coffee, made in the following manner, is pleasing to most people, and is much preferable to tea. Let coffee be made in the usual way, only a third part stronger; let as much boiling milk be added to the coffee before it is taken from the fire, as there is water; let it settle; drink it with cream, or without, as may be most agreeable. Very little sugar ought to be used with coffee: in weak stomachs it is too apt to become acid, if made over sweet; and this is one reason why many people forbear drinking coffee. I do not presume to settle this important question, which is preferable, tea or coffee? but in respect to real use, and as a part of our food, I have no evidence to induce me to think that coffee is inferior to tea.”

On the many good physical qualities which coffee possesses, after such an authority, it is almost superfluous to dwell. The Turks, it is well known, set the highest value upon it, on account of its exhilarating properties, and brightening the animal spirits; and the French assert that it clears the brain, enlivens the senses, strengthens the stomach, helps digestion, throws off any rheum or fortuitous matter that may be lodged about the head, stomach, or lungs, from foul air, or putrid vapours; and that it is peculiarly adapted for studious and sedentary persons.

In respect to national economy, the benefit of our colonies, and the lives of the seamen, concur in giving coffee the preference over tea. It is raised by our fellow creatures

and paid for by our manufactures; tea, on the contrary, is paid for principally by money. The quantities of British goods which the Chinese take from us is inconsiderable, when compared with the quantities we pay for in bullion; a diminution, therefore, in the use of tea, can be conceived only in the light of a negative evil; while the increased consumption of coffee must be regarded as a positive good.

I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

VERITAS.

THE STROLLER'S TALE.

(Continued from page 108.)

CHAP. VIII.

IN the usual time I was presented with a son and heir; but so thoroughly was I disgusted with theatricals, that I treated with sovereign contempt the persuasions of Philippina, who was desirous to have him called Orlando; but flying into the other extremity, I insisted on his being named Habakkuk. My wife, however, had the obstinacy (I beg her pardon) to retain her favourite name; while he was recognized by me as Habby, an abbreviation, I grant, much more to be praised for its brevity, than its melody. We remained with this manager nearly two years, vegetating, not living, on a pound a week. We performed all sorts of parts; and my wife no longer suffered excessive delicacy to interfere with her professional duties; so easily are the bounds of modesty broken, and so much had public applause vitiated her morals. This debasement of her mind, for a time, very seriously affected me, but distress, in the end, blunted the force of my feelings; and the high and independent spirit which I formerly possessed, became degenerated with my circumstances.

In the same night have I played Bulcazin Muley, Lope Tocho, and Sadi, in the Mountaineers; left the stage to take money in the same costume, and then leaped into the sawpit, which served for an orchestra, to scrape a three-stringed fiddle; besides singing between the acts.

I should probably have remained till now on this *circuit*, had I not quarrelled with the manager, which I did, for his contempt of my abilities; for, careless as I was of my private character, I was tremblingly alive to any slur on my public one; and could never bear the smallest encroachment on the parts which were cast for me.

The tragedy of Macbeth was to be acted by *particular desire*, and the manager, as usual, was to play the Scot. Extra candles were lighted on the occasion; the fiddler had played all the tunes he recollected: "God save the king" was scraped again and again. The Miss Wriggles, our patronesses, of the preparatory seminary, were all seated; the baker's wife and butcher's help-mate had arrived, but no Macbeth. What was to be done; all long faces; the manager's lady grew outrageous; an apology was made, and the fiddle played again: the witches were all ready, and the brazier had sent us his large soldering pot for a cauldron. At length seven o'clock, half past seven o'clock came, and no manager: a messenger was dispatched to the Barley Mow, but no actor could be found. At last "*from the sudden illness of the gentleman*," who was to have played Macbeth," I was called upon to fill the part, with certain satisfaction to myself, and, as I imagined, to the audience.

The play began swimmingly; the little masters cried at our witches, and one of the young ladies fainted at our thunder and lightning, although it was like any thing but a war of the elements; we were generous, and again the peas were resorted to for a storm. I had already finished one act, and was dressing to sing "Billy Taylor's ghost" afterwards, feeling, at the same moment, all those sensations which were wont to cheer my heart at Berwick Street Theatre; when the manager, whose senses had been previously overcome by too large a potion of gin and water, entered the house, and was desirous of tearing the

laurels from my brow. He was determined, he said, to retrieve his character, and had arrayed himself in my striped petticoat; when I snatched up my wife's bonnet and black feather, seized my sword, and, in spite of my dress, as an English bumpkin, in which I had sung my song, rushed on the stage at the O. P. side, at the precise time when my rival for applause made his *debüt* and apology at P. S. He then began:

Is *that* a dagger which I see before me;

While I re-echoed at the other side:—

Is *this* a dagger which I see before me.

We were neither of us determined to yield; the idea of two Macbeths created peals of laughter. He assumed the right of performing as manager, and as the original Scottish king; while I was determined to continue the character I had commenced with such *eclât*. Thus we proceeded to the end of the tragedy: he had his partizans, and I had mine; but, being able to sing, which he could not, at the finale of our play,

“Cruel Molly Jenkins,”

the thunder of applause which I received was so great as to overpower all opposition, and, to the no small entertainment of the company and my brother actors behind the scenes, the fall of my opponent, by treading on the remaining part of our hail storm, rendered my victory most complete.

I indulged in my triumph, 'tis true, but this triumph was of short duration. The tyrant of the stage was inexorable and unforgiving, and, as his situation afforded him many opportunities of resenting this attempt of mine to lessen his consequence, and to bring his acting into disrepute, he was determined, in the end, that I should feel the blow of ridicule recoil on my own bosom.

Soon after the tragedy in which I enacted, was one of *our own*; it was called “The Insatiate Murderer; or, Bloody Banquet,” an alteration from an old play of Massinger's, where the incensed manager was to be my assassin. I had already uttered,

" But still I'll live, and live for Sforza ;"

I had thrown myself in the attitude to be stabbed, had prepared to die, but no one came. I ventured to whisper at the prompter's side, " Come and kill me ;" still the blow came not. At last I turned round, and saw him slowly approaching ; I regained my attitude ; I heard the stifled laugh ; I was irritated beyond all bounds, and stormed out aloud,

" Will nobody come and stab me ?"

but in vain, the men had all their cues, and I was obliged to walk off unkilld, leaving the house in an uproar of laughter. On my entrance into the green room, I did not fail to reproach Don Garcias with the greatest asperity ; and secretly resolved, that the shame I experienced should not go unpunished, should a fit occasion occur.

His wife, for whose fame he felt the liveliest regard, chose to take an early benefit, to the great detriment of our pecuniary profits. She stripped our gowns for mock jewels and tinsel, to appear in the dignity of a tragedy queen. For this purpose she had borrowed a long piece of gauze for a train, which had once served as a window curtain. This she covered with a profusion of tin foil ; it was to trail on the ground in full imitation of eastern magnificence. The house was filled with her friends, whose *weak minds* she intended to astonish. All was silent ; the curtain drew up ; she had to enter first and alone ; she was as gaudy as a Dollallola, and her eyes flashed with all the fire that a hasty libation of Geneva could impart ; when, just as she was entering at the wings, in the pomp of regal luxury, my wife slipt the loop that confined the gaudy appendages, and the royal paraphernalia fell under the stage box. Such was the excess of her grief, and so much occupied was she in her part, that she wholly disregarded the half suppressed titter her appearance occasioned, until she began to exclaim,

" These pompous robes, this gay attire ;"

when, unluckily casting her eyes around to illustrate this apos-

trôphe, she saw with horror the dreadful loss she had sustained, and roaring out, in the same heroic manner,

“ Confound their souls, some one has cut off the tail of my robe ;”

retired with precipitation, amidst the cries of bravo ! bravo ! which resounded from every part of the house. The consequence of which was, that being considered the sole and joint actors of this indignity offered to his beloved consort, I and my wife received an immediate discharge.

In adopting this hasty measure, the manager was his own enemy as much as mine ; for he had no one to fill my parts in those plays which were most popular in our circuit, such as the ranting tragedies of Dryden, Rowe, or Lee. I was, moreover, by his own confession, infinitely his superior in all the strut and whisker characters, and had greatly the advantage of him in person and lungs. But the die was cast, and myself and family, like our first parents, on their expulsion from Paradise,

“ Had all the world before us, where to choose
Our place of rest, and Providence our guide.”

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

ON PUNCTUALITY.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

AS nothing is so commendable as an ingenuous line of conduct in our intercourse with the world, and as many persons are given to indulge in frivolous excuses and pretexts upon trifles, which lead to a dereliction of principle in matters of great importance ; I am induced to send you the following humorous and satirical anecdote, in order that the young and inexperienced, while they smile at the conceit, may feel the importance upon all occasions, of *keeping their word*.

The revenue of many of the petty princes, forming the Germanic body, being disproportionate to the expences of their Court, they are frequently reduced to the dilemma of making promises to their officers, which they are unable to perform. A man of wit, who had been, for many years, in the employ of one of those sovereigns who are not over tenacious in fulfilling their engagements, conceived the idea of making out a bill for his services; the object of which was, without stipulating what was actually due to him, to reprobate, in a tone of levity, the ridiculous ostentation and ingratitude of his master.

August the 18th, 18--.

His Highness the Illustrious Prince of —, my most Gracious Sovereign, Dr.

To — Philip — superintendant of his household, secretary of his expeditions in concert with France, and confidential agent in his negociations with Messrs. B. C. and Co., bankers, at Paris.

Florins.

- | | |
|---|-------|
| 1 ^o . For prevailing upon Messrs. B. and C. by many false representations of reimbursement, to lend my said sovereign twenty thousand crowns . . . | 35 18 |
| 2 ^o . For writing after the efflux of the stipulated time for repayment, eighteen letters full of frivolous excuses and fresh promises, which my august lord and master never intended to keep | 18 50 |
| 3 ^o . For undertaking a journey to C—— and endeavouring, although without effect, during three entire weeks, to re-establish the credit of my said prince | 64 10 |
| 4 ^o . For giving a tradesman a severe drubbing, who had the insolence to come to the palace to solicit payment of a debt that had been standing five years | 18 23 |
| 5 ^o . For preserving my usual serenity when my sovereign, desirous of passing for a man of learning, declared that <i>Cæsar</i> had assassinated <i>Brutus</i> . . | 36 15 |

6°. For numerous panegyrics bestowed, in my verses, on my gracious master, which my judgment con- demned	12 10
7°. For maintaining, in the most strenuous manner, that the servants of his highness were paid with the utmost exactness and regularity	24 6
8°. For having commended many an act of irration- ality committed by my said lord	60 14
9°. For saying, with infinite complaisance, that drunk- enness was but a trivial indiscretion	54 12
10°. For supporting dogmatically, against the opinion of a wise and prudent man, that it was good policy in a king to take from his subjects all that they are capable of earning	82 13

Total Florins 404 8

If the attendants of great personages were permitted to submit their demands in this, or a similar style, it is very probable that their masters would be more attentive to the payment of them. But as this practice would necessarily subject many distinguished characters to some shame and inconvenience, it is, perhaps, as well that the matter be not tolerated.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

CRAMBO.

REPARTEE OF LORD BACON.

THE King of France being at Calais, sent his ambassador to England to pay a visit to James I.; before whom he de-ported himself in such a light insignificant manner, that, after the audience, the king asked the Lord Keeper Bacon what he thought of the French ambassador? He answered, that "He was a *tall* proper man." "Aye," replied his majesty, "but what think you of his head piece? is he a fit man for the office of an ambassador?" "Sir," said Bacon, "tall men are like houses of four or five stories, wherein commonly the uppermost room is the worst furnished."

ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.

NO. IV.

CATHERINE PETROWNA, CZARINA OF RUSSIA.

THIS princess, by her superior endowments and extraordinary merits, was raised from an humble station of life to the throne of one of the greatest monarchs of Europe. Gifted with singular sagacity, and the most transcendent virtues of mind, she was able to soothe the violence of Peter in those paroxysms of passion to which he was subject, and rendered herself no less conspicuous in the field and in the council chamber, than in her domestic station. So important were her services in each of these capacities, that the Czar himself declared, in one of his edicts upon her coronation, that "She was not only the greatest support to him through all the dangers of the last war, 1711, but likewise in several other expeditions, wherein she voluntarily accompanied him; and that both by her courage and her counsels, he thought her a pattern worthy of his imitation." The following instance of her ability will confirm his assertion.

In the battle between the Turks and the Russians on the river Pruth, in which the forces of the latter were reduced to twenty-two thousand men, and the former continued about two-hundred thousand strong, the superiority of the enemy somewhat disheartening the Czar and his chief officers, a council was immediately called, when she thus animated their sinking spirits. "Consider, gentlemen, the torments of captivity; 'tis glorious to follow, but disgraceful to fall. Behold your emperor continually exposing his own life for your welfare; and by a desertion at this juncture, not only yourselves, but the honour of the christian name, will become the prey of those infidels who are stigmatized by heaven, and who will, if you exert your well known courage, *fly before you, as chaff before the wind*. I therefore give you this advice, *shew yourselves*

the servants of the Lord of hosts; proceed to conquer, sword in hand."

Animated by this harangue, the Czar obtained the victory; and this mark of her zeal and courage, superior to her sex, was not only known to the whole army, but soon spread itself throughout the empire.

DOROTHEA, COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND.

THIS truly amiable lady, the wife of the Earl of Sunderland, who was killed at the first battle of Newbury, never vain of that beauty which has rendered her fame immortal, was celebrated by Waller, under the name of Sacharsa. When she was far advanced in years, and had outlived every personal charm which had inspired the poet in his youth, she asked him in raillery, "When he would write such fine verses upon her again?" "Oh, madam," said he, with less gallantry than wit, "when your ladyship is as young again."

MARGARET DE VALOIS.

THIS celebrated character was educated at the court of Louis XII. and married, in 1509, to Charles the Archduke d'Alençon, whom his brother, Francis I. caused to be acknowledged as the first prince of the blood royal. The Duke d'Alençon died at Lyons in 1525, through excess of grief, at the capture of the king, at the battle of Pavia. Margaret, although extremely affected at his loss, repaired to Madrid, and very warmly solicited her brother's liberty. Francis I. on his return to France, united Margaret to Henry d'Albert, King of Navarre. This princess had considerable knowledge of the belles lettres, and composed with great facility both in prose and verse. She was much esteemed by the literati of her time, whom she encouraged and protected. Besides her novels, which are generally known, Brantome says, "that the

Queen of Navarre wrote several comedies and moralities, called in those times pastorals, which were represented by the ladies of her court."

Florimond de Remond, in his "*Histoire de la Heresie, lib. VIII.*" observes, "that this princess was first induced to study the sacred writings, at the persuasion of Doctor Roussel, to which she attached herself with so much pleasure, that she composed a tragi-comic translation of almost the whole of the New Testament, which she caused to be performed before the king her husband; having, for that purpose, engaged the best performers she could procure."

This distinguished lady died at the chateau d'Odos, in Bigorre, in 1549, and was buried at Pau. Her death was greatly lamented by the most celebrated French poets of her age, and several English ladies composed above a hundred distiches in Latin, to her memory. Her dramatic pieces are comprised in the collection of her works printed in 1547, under the title of "*Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses, tres illustre Royné de Navarre.*"

LADY FRANCES NORTON.

IN order to alleviate the sorrow she had conceived by the death of her children, Lady Norton devoted herself to literature, and produced two moral and religious treatises, bearing the following titles, "The applause of Virtue," and "Memento Mori; or, Meditations on Death." This very commendable employment was the method she made choice of to mitigate her sorrow. Among her many excellent sayings and seasonable admonitions which she gave to her friends and acquaintance, we extract the following, as demonstrative of her good sense and most exalted piety.

"The great essence of all wisdom is to prepare for death; it is the business we should learn all our lives to exercise; the faults therein committed are irreparable, and the loss without recovery. We should no more confide in the prosperity of the

world than to a still sea, which in a great calm oft times presageth the war approaching tempest; to declare that in good, we should live in distrust of ill; and in evil, in hopes of good: but in both, the one and the other ever in equality. Death meets us every where, and is procured by every instrument and small chances, and enters in by many doors, by violence and secret influences. We ought, therefore, to be continually preparing for that most important hour, by holiness and purity of life; by charity, humility, and repentance."

After the example of St. Augustine, who had many pious sayings of the royal psalmist written about his bed, there are still in existence several pieces of furniture of her own working, with many devout sentences wrought on them, which plainly shew the constant object of her thoughts.

CONSTANTIA DE CEZILLI.

It is pleasing to record instances of female affection and magnanimity. Barri de St. Aunez, Governor of Leucate, in the time of Henry IV. having fallen into the hands of the troops of the League, who were upon their march with the Spaniards towards that place, they conceived, that having the governor in their possession, the gates of the fortress would be immediately opened to them, or that it would not hold out long; but Constantia de Cezilli, his wife, after having convened the garrison, put herself so resolutely at their head, pike in hand, that, inspiring the weakest with courage, the besiegers were repulsed wherever they presented themselves. Incensed to desperation at their great loss, they sent a message to that courageous woman to acquaint her, that if she continued to defend the place, they would hang her husband. "I have riches in abundance," replied she, with tears in her eyes; "I have offered them, and I do still offer them for his ransom; but I would not ignominiously purchase a life which he would reproach me with, and which he would be ashamed to enjoy. I will not dishonour him by treason towards my country and my king." The besiegers having commenced a fresh attack without better

success than the former, put Barri to death, and raised the siege. The garrison wanted to make reprisals upon the Lord of Loupian, who was of the League, and who had been taken prisoner; but Constantia opposed it. Henry IV. sent her the brevet of Governess of Leucate with the reversion for her son.

* * *

ANECDOTE OF JEAN VAN HOOGSTRAETEN,

A FLEMISH PAINTER.

THIS artist being engaged to paint "St Peter in the act of denying Christ," sought in the public streets for some bald-headed mendicant, suitable to the subject. After some labour, he discovered the character he required in an old man, to whom he promised considerable recompence, and took him home with him. He then led him into his work-shop, where he left him a moment by himself. The poor wretch, surrounded by figures in plaister, severed arms and legs, skulls and skeletons, imagined he was approaching his latter end. He figured to himself that he was brought there for no good purpose, and imagined that he should undergo the fate of those whose limbs he saw scattered about. The door being open, he contrived to quit the work-room, at a moment when Samuel Van Hoogstraeten, anxious to see his brother, was on the point of entering it. This encreasing the anxiety of the fugitive, he with one leap cleared the staircase, and ran out of the house. On getting into the street, the alarm and lamentation of the poor wretch, attracted the notice of the populace, and throwing himself on his knees, he implored their assistance. Hearing the cause of his prodigious distress, they immediately lessened his apprehension; and Jean Van Hoogstraeten, who had gone in pursuit of him, having mingled in the crowd, with the most positive assurances of safety, gave him some money in advance, and conducted him back to his work-room. He still found on the affrighted countenance of the mendicant, part of the expression he so much desired; seized immediately the happy moment, and produced an admirable picture.

REVIEW of FEMALE LITERATURE.

Good Men of Modern Date, a Satirical Tale, in three Vols.
By Mrs. Green, Author of *Romance Readers and Romance Writers, &c.* Price 15s. Tegg, London, 1811.

THIS lady has so forcibly appealed to our feelings that we should be inclined to treat her with indulgence, did not her merits entitle her to our respect. The novel before us exhibits the talents of Mrs. Green in a favourable point of view. Many of her characters are very ably drawn, and the incidents follow each other, to the *denouement* of her story, in pleasing succession. We perfectly agree with her in opinion, in these days of fashionable levity, that a *good* man, in the just acceptation of the word, is rarely to be found. It is, however, not altogether right to attribute the charitable actions of mankind, in general, to motives of pride and ostentation; since experience furnishes us with innumerable instances of philanthropy and beneficence, that emanate in the true spirit of liberality from the human mind.

The heroine of the piece is a Miss Eliza Fitzwarren, the daughter of a clergyman, a very amiable and accomplished female, who, by the death of her father, is reduced to the necessity of seeking an occupation. The rebuffs she meets with from her opulent relations, and various other personages to whom she applies, afford the fair author an opportunity of satirizing the manners of the present day, and greatly contribute to the interest of the work.

In the delineation of the characters of Captain Fitzwarren, an honest hearted half pay officer, and his Irish servant Pat, Mrs. Green is extremely happy, as will appear by the following extract.

"Fitzwarren now sat some time humming the tune of 'Cease rude Boreas,' when stopping on a sudden, he said, 'I'll tell

you one thing, my dear girl. Paddy is an heavy expence to me, and yet I could not bear to think of parting with the poor fellow, because he is so honest and so faithfully attached to me.'

'Nor need you, sir, I hope,' said Eliza, hastily interrupting her uncle; 'in a family where I shall not incur any expence; I am sure I shall have it in my power, and I hope you will allow me the happiness to assist you: my wardrobe is very good, and my mourning will prevent the want of new clothes for several months. I shall insist, out of my present little stock, on paying for the apartment I have occupied; and may I, without offending you, my dear sir, request that I may leave you quite clear of any debt owing to Mrs. Craddock before my departure? Here, sir, is my purse; it will look better for you to pay her, than me.'

'D—— me if I touch it,' said the captain; but Eliza at length persuaded him to take a few pounds, telling him how miserable she should feel if she left him in the least involved; and calling up Paddy, she asked him, when he thought Mrs. Craddock would be back from the city? 'I wonder what the devil took her there this morning,' said the captain: 'did she say *any thing* when she would be back?'

'No, your honour,' said Paddy, rather sorrowfully; 'may the devil burn me, if I don't think but what Madam Craddock is gone off like a shot to your honour's agent, to know if you can pay your way, because you might be behind hand with him. Och, she is a *rum* one that Madam Craddock; I never liked her over much. Well, but hear now, your honour dear,' added he, seeing the captain's countenance clouded with a frown; 'take what your dear kind-hearted *crater* of a niece offers you, and let's hope that the ticket, which you know is the sixteenth part of thirty thousand pounds, which your honour is to receive as soon as it is drawn, will pay all we owe, and a great deal more.'

'I cannot bear,' said the captain, with tears in his eyes; 'I cannot bear, my dear girl, to take any part of your little portion from you, and am very angry with myself that I have

already borrowed so much; but if I don't pay you honestly, may I again possess a brig as fine and as good as the dear Dragon Fly, and may she be dashed to pieces, if ——'

'Och, hone! my dear master,' interrupted Paddy, bursting into a native howl; 'and now, don't you be after splitting the heart of poor Paddy O'Shannon all into a thousand pieces, and making it all of a lump at the same time; swelling as though it would burst, and coming clean up to my *troat*.'

'Come, come, my dear sir,' said Eliza, 'a truce to tears and melancholy ——'

'I shall immediately apply to the admiralty,' said the captain, striding up and down the room, as if he had been pacing the quarter deck; 'and I hope I shall be employed, and then all will be well again.'

'I am sure all will be well, sir,' said Eliza, affectionately taking his hand; and tripping out of the parlour, she hastened with many grateful thanks to Mrs. Jackson, to inform the good lady of her success."

On quitting the family of Mrs. Jefferies, (whose system of education, by the bye, seems to us unnatural) Eliza becomes an inmate in the house of Mrs. Plevithren, a dramatic writer, whose pedantry is ridiculed with much effect.

"One Saturday, about a fortnight after Eliza had dined with her uncle, Mrs. Plevithren said to her, as she entered the study, kindly taking her at the same time by the hand, "I am sure, my sweet little seraph, this your close application to my muse's inspirations will destroy your health if you continue so sedulously, without some intermission to employ your faculties. We will go to Astley's to night: I have already secured good places, and we will be there in time. I love to behold the sagacious quadruped, yclept a horse, exert the wonderful powers of instinct under a mild discipline, and make the haughty towering pride of reason blush in the cheeks of the biped man. Besides there is a scene in the commencement of the Blood Red Knight which I mean to take a hint from, for my new play. Attire thyself, fairest of the fair, for the declining hour of the day, vulgarly called evening. I shall

order that salubrious head clearing fluid, the beverage of Mahomet's followers, the Turks, Abyssinians, Moors, and the children of the East, called coffee, to be ready immediately after dinner, and then we will hasten to view the equestrian sports of the English amphitheatre.'"

Our limits will not permit us to follow the fair writer through the remaining scenes of her novel, which are no less forcibly portrayed. From the extracts we have given, the reader will be enabled to form some idea of Mrs. Green's descriptive powers. The work possesses, in many parts, considerable humour, and the satire, in general, is well applied. It must, however, be admitted, that some of the characters are overcharged; and that the performance is, at times, disfigured by coarse expressions and grammatical inaccuracies, which will be, no doubt, corrected in the next edition.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANTLY COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—A round walking dress of plain muslin, with a border of needle work at the feet, throat, and collar. A Russian mantle of drab or Wellington brown, lined and bordered with rose-coloured satin or velvet. A village hat composed of feathers, and lined with rose-coloured velvet, tied on with a Barcelona handkerchief of the same colour, formed in a tufted rose on the top, and tied under the chin. The hair in ringlets round the forehead. Half boots to correspond, and buff gloves.

Fig. 2.—A round Grecian robe of white crape, embroidered up the front and round the bottom with a fancy border of green chenille. An antique bodice of green velvet, trimmed with Vandyke lace or bugles. Short full sleeves same as the robe, finished with bands of green velvet. White satin slippers with silver clasps or roses. Veil of Mecklin lace, fancifully disposed over the hair, which is seen in irregular curls beneath. Necklace and ornaments of the satin bead, or pearl. Gloves of French kid below the elbow. Fan of ivory.



Sands. sc.

London Dresses for March.

Published March 11 1812. by Vernon Hood & Sharpe.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

STANZAS

TO ELIZA K. H. PERFECT.

SWEET infant, hail! beloved ere seen,
Dear pledge of faithful love!
Welcome to life's eventful scene,
Thy parents' treasure prove.
To sooth the cares that life imparts,
Thy opening charms shall rise;
And heaven's best gift, our grateful hearts,
Shall with all fondness prize.

The pleasing task to us is given
To watch thy rising youth;
To bend thy early thoughts to heaven,
With gratitude and truth;
Aright to guide thy infant mind
With never ceasing care,
That thou sweet virtue's path may'st find,
And all her blessings share.

No vast possessions can'st thou claim,
No pompous title's thine;
Nor in Ambition's roll thy name
I trust will ever shine.
For what can power or splendour gain?
Too sure they soon decay:
Youth, beauty, wealth, will only reign
The triumph of a day.

O may'st thou live, my love, to scorn
Such adventitious aid;
May brighter charms thy mind adorn,
Whose bloom will never fade.
For earthly joys are only found
Where Virtue points the way;
O with her tread on hallow'd ground—
Her voice, my love, obey!

And she who gave my darling birth,
By heav'n and love made mine,
Who crowns my life with bliss on earth,
Shall watch, my love, o'er thine.
Supply thy ev'ry infant want
With all a mother's care,
Unceasing call on heav'n to grant
A mother's fondest prayer.

And when, sweet child, thy infant mind
By her fond precepts form'd,
Thou can'st not fail true bliss to find,
By ev'ry virtue warm'd.
Thy father's heart can ask no more,
To give a charm to life;
And heav'n's all-bounteous love adore,
For such a *child* and *wife*.

T. H. PERFECT.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

WHEN two fond hearts, by love inspired,
Attempt their passion to reveal;
No aid of language is required,
Since each can guess what each must feel,
The eyes then prove most eloquent,
When nought is said, but much is meant.

TRANSLATION

OF THE PATHETIC LINES OF M. DE LA SABLIERE, INSERTED IN OUR
LAST NUMBER, PAGE 100.

THE dying flow'r, as soft the summer gale
Flits o'er her languid head, thus seems to mourn—
Ah! why, sweet zephyr! dost thou bid me hail
With wonted joy thy glad return?
Alas! no more
The balmy kisses of thy gentle breath
These with'ring leaves to beauty shall restore—
I fade, I droop in death!
In vain the rosy dawn with crystal tear
Impearls my falt'ring stem;
In vain the dew-drop scatters here
The radiant lustre of its twinkling gem:
The frowning tempest blackens in the sky,
And, rudely gath'ring round,
With hideous storm and whirlwind high
Shall sweep me to the ground!
The pensive trav'ler as he roams to-morrow,
Where late my fragile blossoms grew,
Will seek their well-known charms—oh, fruitless sorrow!
The silent dust shall hide me from his view.

OSCAR.

TRANSLATION

OF THE BEAUTIFUL LATIN ELEGY WRITTEN BY BOWLES.

“Has inter placidas umbras, &c.”—vide last number, page 117.

WHERE peaceful here these sylvan shades entwine,
And gurgling waters roll their pensive charms,
Long, long I hop'd to mix my days with thine,
Blest with thy love, and solac'd in thy arms!
Heav'n will'd not so—amid these leafy bow'rs
Breathing a sad farewell, I strew thy urn with flow'rs.

OSCAR.

TO MEMORY

MEMORY, to thee, pale pensive maid!
With downcast eye of keenest fire;
In musing mood supinely laid
Beneath the woodland's whisp'ring shade,
I string my rural lyre.

Then come, sweet nymph, thy placid reign
At this still silent ev'ning hour,
Will sooth the sense of present pain,
And bring my bosom's bliss again
With fascinating pow'r.

Oft in the sighings of the gale
I hear thy tender plaintive voice;
And oft the wild brook's babbling wail,
Clear wand'ring through the flow'ry vale,
Recalls my infant joys.

And when my tearful eye surveys
Yon hoary castle's mould'ring towers;
Or o'er yon smiling landscape strays,
Then Mem'ry, thy reverted gaze
Some cherish'd scene restores.

For then association sweet
Sheds o'er the mind her influence calm;
And then youth's halcyon days so fleet,
With Rapture's thrilling glow I greet,
E'en Sickness owns the balm.

Ah! fleet indeed those happy days,
Romantic visionary hours,
When Hope and Fancy's vivid rays,
Conceal'd life's rugged, thorny ways,
And strew'd its path with flowers.

Thou, Memory! thou can'st cheer the heart,
And sweetly solace all its woes;
Extract pale Sorrow's rankling dart;
Sooth with thy balm its aching smart,
And lull to soft repose.

And thus, fair wand'rer, to my breast
Thy captivating charms I woo;
Oh! mayst thou ne'er a ruthless guest,
In soul-subduing tortures drest,
Appal my sick'ning view.

LAURA.

SOCIETY.

OF joys on earth, which is the best,
Which cheers the care worn anxious breast,
And gives the troubled conscience rest?
Society.

To calm Misfortune's ruthless gales
Thy condescending power prevails,
When every other refuge fails;
Society.

Does not the soul, oppress'd with pain,
When Hope's long cherish'd dreams are vain,
In thee find ease, and bliss obtain?
Society.

Yes, greatest blessing sent below,
To still the beating throbs of woe,
Thy fascinating charms I know;
Society.

Say, is the lonely hermit blest?
Can silence sooth his griefs to rest?
No, nought like thee can ease the breast;
Society.

'Tis thou alone can'st raise the mind ;
In thee the wretched comfort find,
And leave their cares and doubts behind ;
Society.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

A ROMANCE OF MODERN TIMES.

IN this fam'd busy city, a fusty old Knight
(The queerist perhaps ever seen)
Was struck with the charms of a lass at first sight,
Her sweet dimpled cheeks, and her eyes truly bright,
And her form and her elegant mien.

"Thou loveliest of women," enraptured, he cried,
"Thy footsteps, oh, let me pursue !
"An angel thou art, and I'll make thee my bride,
"Thy name but disclose"—she fled from him with pride,
Nor her name, nor condition he knew.

Her beauty, however, engrossing his mind,
In secret he languish'd awhile ;
'Till weary of telling his woes to the wind,
He resolv'd, if on earth, the fair damsel to find,
To spare neither money, nor toil.

Then straight by a herald, equipp'd with much grace,
He published the city around,
That whoe'er of the lady the dwelling would trace,
Or bring her to meet his impassioned embrace,
With favour and wealth should be crown'd.

For his soul, which love's arrows had pierc'd like a sieve,
He declared the young syren possest,
And added, his heart and his hand he would give,
Nay titles, lands, fortune, with him would she live,
And lull all his sorrows to rest.

But, alas ! in this world what we greatly desire
 Weak mortals but rarely attain ;
 'Twas so with the Knight—he no news could acquire
 Of the damsel whose looks set his bosom on fire ;
 So his edict was publish'd in vain.

Thus baffled, and scorn'd, with disconsolate air,
 Each day is the Knight seen to rove ;
 And he travels the town with such ardour and care,
 It is thought, ere he finds out the haunt of his Fair,
 He will perish through labour or love.

CRAMBO.

RIDDLE.

IT, like a fine lady, takes monstrous delight
 To pay all her principal visits at night ;
 But though after twelve it 'gins gadding about,
 It never was yet at a drum or a rout.
 By day, on the healthy its calls are not quick,
 But, like a good christian, it sits with the sick :
 To the lame and the blind it scarce chuses to come,
 But will sympathize much with the deaf and the dumb.
 It ne'er has the least inclination to dine
 Where they push about bowls, and drink plenty of wine ;
 So is shunn'd by the jolly, but lov'd by the wise,
 And hated by those that grave study despise ;
 As it often makes company just like a school,
 And the fool appear wise, and the wise a mere fool.
 'Tis a great moderator, and settles more breaches
 Than ever were widen'd by all the law leeches ;
 For when man and wife each their choler has stirr'd,
 And " it is," and " it isn't " are all that is heard,
 It settles the case and maintains the last word.
 'Tis a very great gamester, and bets as you list,
 And what it plays most at, they tell me is whist ;
 But hates your back-gammon, and hazard, no less,
 Though Philidor says, 'tis a good one at chess.

Of no sect or party, it closes debate—
 And presides at harangues both in church and in state.
 On Saturday night it will go to the play,
 And be first at a methodist meeting next day;
 But it never sings psalms, for I tell *entre nous*,
 That 'tis most of a quaker, and least of a Jew:
 Yet who robs, or who murders, it favours as well,
 As the saint in the closet, or monk in his cell.
 In short, 'tis a compound of all good and evil,
 And has sent many souls both to God and the devil.
 Hence high are its joys, and as deep are its woes,
 And 'tis conscious of secrets which no other knows.
 This thing, as I ought to have told you before,
 Was born, and went into the ark before Noah.
 That it liv'd e'en ere Adam, is too clear a case,
 And will certainly bury the last of his race.

* * *

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OSCAR'S productions are at all times esteemed. The abridgment of a former contribution was unavoidable.

J. M. B. L. M. and other favours, in our next.

Clio's "Ode to Reason" is so defective in *rhyme*, that we should conceive ourselves wanting in *reason* to insert it.

Nemo's "Essay on Humour" is dull in the extreme: he appears to be only witty in his own conceit.

Maria's lines on "Pity" require revision: in their present state they are *piteous* indeed.

It being the wish of the Editor to introduce into the "Museum" as much variety as possible, he recommends to his prose correspondents two essential requisites to good writing, "Precision and Brevity."

R. M. and other articles, are under consideration.

Erratum in our last number, page 95, "for Henry IV. read Henry II."



Painted by Foster.

Engraved by Hopwood.

MISS S. BOOTH.
In the Character of Ellen.

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